

London Dungeon

The Misfits

They call us walking corpses,
unholly living dead.
They ought to lock us up,
put us in their British Hell!

Make sure your face is clean now,
can't have no dirty dead.
All the corpses here are clean, boy,
all they ask in British Hell.

I don't wanna be here in your London Dungeon,
I don't wanna be here in your British Hell.
Ain't no mystery why I'm in misery, in Hell!

Here's hoping you're swell.

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Lyrics submitted by Daniel.

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